TOWER
DECEMBER
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SFAA AND CSFA NEWS & NOTES

Jay De Feo and Wally Hedrick are exhibiting in the Museum of Modern Art's show "Sixteen Americans".

The U.S. National Bank in Eugene, Oregon and its branches in Salem and Warrenton are exhibiting paintings and serigraphs by Irene Lagorio.

Bruce Conner is having a one-man show of collages at the Alan Gallery in New York from January 18 to February 6.

Gertrude Murphy won the San Francisco Women Artists prize for scupture in their last exhibition. She is currently in the Oakland Museum Sculptor's Annual and the Christmas exhibition at the Bolles Gallery.

January 1 ends John Saccaro's one-man show of drawings and collages at the San Francisco Museum of Art.

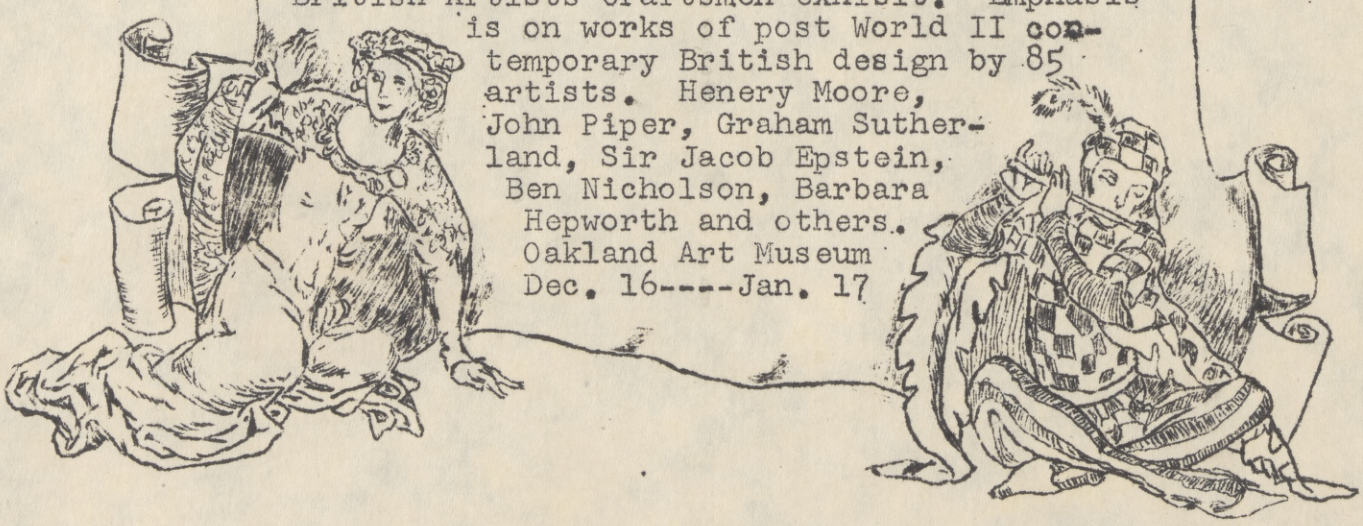
Gerd Kock has a one-man show of sculpture at the Bianchini Gallery in New York.

Ernie Kim and Frank Hamilton are represented in the Designer-Craftsmen of California Show at S.F. Museum of Art through January 10. Mr. Hamilton has a one-man show of ceramics at the Main Street Gallery, Chicago, and another one which is being held in conjunction with the Ninth Annual Oil and Sculpture Exhibition in Richmond.

Nathan Oliveira won a Bronze Medal award in the Chicago Institute of Art's Invitational American Painting and Sculpture Show. He also has a one-man show of paintings and gouaches at the Paul Kantor Gallery in Beverly Hills which will run through January.

Win Ng is exhibiting at the Mi Chou Gallery in New York.

The SFAA's Annual Member Painting and Sculpture Show opens in the De Young Museum on December 18, and will run through January 17. Nearly 200 artists will be represented to form one of the largest group shows ever assembled in San Francisco.



One of the major traveling exhibitions to come to the United States from abroad is the British Artists Craftsmen exhibit. Emphasis is on works of post World II contemporary British design by 85 artists. Henery Moore, John Piper, Graham Sutherland, Sir Jacob Epstein, Ben Nicholson, Barbara Hepworth and others. Oakland Art Museum Dec. 16----Jan. 17

The following article is reprinted from the S.F. Sunday Chronicle's THIS WORLD, Nov. 29, 1959.

By Kenneth Rexroth

In the lore of the Medieval Arab philosophers there is an error in logic known as the Caliph's Fallacy. The eunuch rushes in and says, "Sire, the Janissaries have revolted. The Visier has run off with the number one wife! The Palace is in flames!" "Off with his head!" shouts the Caliph. The bearer of bad news is not to be confused with the content thereof, least of all by Caliphs of Baghdad, ancient or modern.

Not just in San Francisco, but in Milano, Marseilles, Liverpool and Stockholm, I found myself, on a recent year abroad, saddled with the paternity of North Beach--all of it--but only as portrayed in the picture magazines. It would seem from the publicity that San Francisco is populated only by utterly gone cats. I am sure that the utterly gone cats of Soho and St. Germain, Tokyo and probably even Leningrad believe that everybody, to function here at all, has to grow a scraggly beard, go barefoot, and carry a heavy load of assorted pharmaceuticals.

The Mayor and Supervisors, the hierarchy of the Church, the officers of the Police and Fire Departments--the rest of the world, fed sensational copy by irresponsible journalists, is sure the whole administration of the city looks like the characters in "West Side Story."

Worse still, when I got back to San Francisco, I discovered that North Beach, and a good deal of the rest of the town, was full of people who had hitch-hiked out here (they are not all that poor, some of them had flown out from Madison avenue deluded by their own manufactured myths) and once arrived, had started to live it up, acting out to the whiskers the follies of what the French call the hallucination publicitaire.

This is not good, Bohemia we have always with us. It has always been a pest to writers and artists, but it does draw tourists, and who minds a few leotards, duffle coats and berets. But the world portrayed in Beat fiction and poetry and in, tit for tat, the newsweeklies and picture magizines is a world of organized, and poorly organized, schizophrenia.

I have pointed out, in the past, the easy graceful beauties in San Francisco, its "civilized Bohemianism," with accent on the "civilized." Everybody knows, even Khrushchev, that this is a city with a live and let live, happy and relaxed cultural patter, a Mediterranean city, singularly uncrippled by the American Puritanism which once crippled so much of the Middle West and East, and with none of the bitter social conflicts that have held back the South.

This is one thing. This is the San Francisco we love. This is why we say, "I wouldn't live anywhere else in the USA." Another thing, and something that I have written about at length, is the great creative upsurge that has taken place hereabouts since the end of World War II. It is true that much of this has found expression in poetry and in a school of painting that, beginning at the California School of Fine Arts, has now spread to become the dominant style of modernist painting of the second half of the Twentieth Century. It is true that poets and painters are a little different from other people. But, again, they aren't all that different.

The important poets and painters of the city are no more Beat than are the novelists or musiciens. Robert Duncan or Brother Antoninus or Lawrence Ferlinghetti are little if any odder than Wallace Stegner or Walter Van Tilburg Clark. As for the painters, most of them are hard working family men and good mothers. As for musicians--I am sure that Roger Sessions, Darius Milhaud, Lou Harrison, neither take drugs, inhabit "pads," nor go barefoot, Even the jazz musicians--the other day the leader of my band, Dick Mills, called up and said, "Sorry, I can't make this extra rehearsal, my baby sitter failed me." A friend who was here said, "Gee, that sure ain't the way jazz musicians talk in the books people write about them!"

Whatever personal responsibility I have for the above critical views, I accept. Here the Caliph is right, I hope. But also, over the past few years I have pointed out that unless something was done soon, an appreciable section of an entire generation was going to commit emotional suicide. Our civilization, with its commercialization of all values, its acquisitiveness, its constant threat of instantaneous extermination, has acquired what Toynbee calls a Schism of the Soul.

More and more, potentially very creative youth were being alienated into nihilism, self destruction, despair, defiance--what, if they weren't writers or artists or Bohemians, is called delinquency. I pointed out that this was spreading, and that in the course of time it would come to corrupt levels of society that fancied themselves immune. Well, it has. It did. But I didn't do it.

I suppose the Cold War was more responsible for it than anything else. I am

(Continued on Page 9)

THE BRIGHTON EXPRESS
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dinners wines coffees

The Horse's Mouth
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STAGE DOOR

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TOWER

DECEMBER 16, 1959

T O W E R is mineographed monthly by students at the California School of Fine Arts, 800 Chestnut Street, San Francisco 11, California.

EDITOR:
Al O'Shaughnessy

ASSISTANTS:
Jill
Fran Herndon

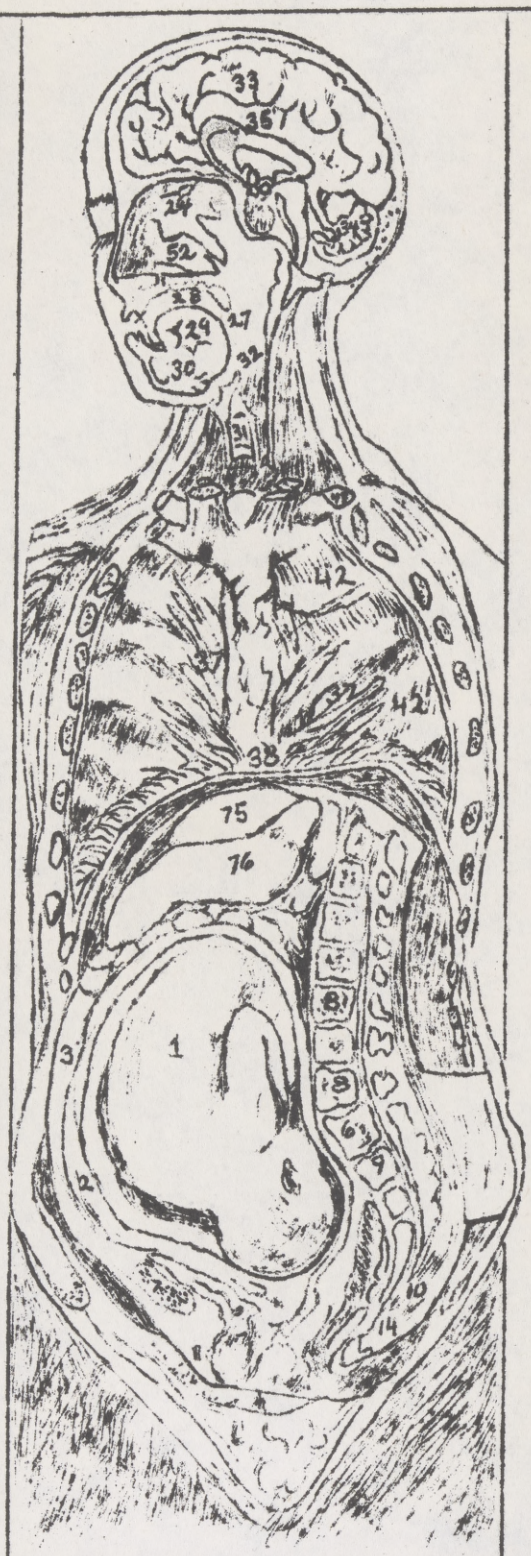
GROUP SHOW

DIZEXI

WILLIAM A. BENGSTON
SY BOARDMAN
JOAN BROWN
CHARLES CAJORI
J. DE FEO
ROY DE FOREST
SAM FRANCIS
NORMAN KANTER
CRAIG KAUFFMAN
BERNARD LANGLAIS
ALVIN LIGHT
FRED MARTIN
EDWARD B. MOSES
MANUEL NERI
DEBORAH REMINGTON
MILTON RESNICK
ARTHUR RICHER
SAM TCHAKALIAN
JULIUS WASSERSTEIN

1858 Union Street

THRU DEC. 24



1 Robert Auguste (Rodin) Saunders

born Nov. 23rd 11:53 A.M.

Cost $400.00 & some

to Chuck & Judi Saunders

CONGRATULATIONS!

California Painters exhibition for 1960

AT THE OAKLAND ART MUSEUM

JAN 6TH — THRU FEB 7TH

WITH ENTRIES AND ENTRY CARDS DUE

JAN 4TH

Contributors to this issue of TOWER:
William Morehouse
Hayward King
Leon H. Sarsozo
James Kilcline
Lou Schultz

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Good News

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IT IS? WM

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CAHIER LEAF
(the original manuscript by painter Irving Bawlzinky is here reprinted in it's entirety much to the dismay and completely against the advice of his close friends)

"I have a studio. It is a good studio. I pay much rent for this studio. It is on tenth st. I work in it. My friends come to visit me. We talk. I paint. Sometimes. They call me dioneesiak. I am engage with much esthetic. I call it acting-painting. Critic think it is good. I cannot show. I cannot sell. So I think I can be a writer. This can sell. When we talk it is fun. It is mostly profound. Very mysterious. I enjoy my friends. My friends enjoy me. Sometimes they say - Irving you should write that down. It is precoius. I will explain my art. For the painter writing is good. It reveals ideas he did not know he had. It is to cross over to the ideas. Words are words and can do as much as paint. They are the windows of the soul. I am looking in."

YANKEE DOODLE SCRIBBLES SCRABBLE
a new manifesto by the eminent Great Neck artist Joel Cooley

CREATION is a forte; the encounter ripping slashing cutting the idea until its tatters reassemble in a series of convolutions, synthesizing, reappearing--done. The act is over, and here commences the Pythagorian myth. Dedalos, the plume, spirals to capture unending force: Godhead, the intensive moment of creation. Thus the hoary legend leads us to absorption in the mystical meaning. Meaning of meaning. Meanings of meanings; the flag, the V.F.W., amVets, parody of paradies of paraties of parenthetical palopsies of American Gothic - Masks of monstrosities, contemptuous of the sensitive fragment -- precious. Give up your lore! Believe in the U.A.W.C.I.O.A.F.L.V.F.W.I.C.C.A.L.I.L.W.U.I.P.R.I.O.O.F.N.D.A.R.W.C.T.U.U.ofC. C. of U. F.ofT. It is the salvation of the democratic creation of creation. Step-lock and lock step. "I have seen the greatest minds of my generation.." (borrowed) encountering, ripping, slashing until its tatters convolute; and there you have it! Simple as apple pie, kiddies. I have abandoned even the awesome palette knife for the ultimate weapon of creation -- FALSE DENTURES AND A FIRM GRASP! a firm gasp...

EDITORIAL NOTE:

Contrary to recent nasty (red-inspired) rumors that there will not be a "colonial issue" of ITIS? publication for the west coast, we are taking this opportunity to present outstanding articles of illumination destined to appear in the first issue in the near future -- once the suffieient number of BBD&O and angels a re enlisted to our cause. We are definitely and by all means a NON-PARTISAN organization.

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ABSTRACT ART IS THE ONLY ART!!
by Rad Steinhart Esq.

ART deserves thinking. Thinking is not seeing. ART is not seeing. Seeing is not THINKING. Aristotelian thinking is net THINKING. Art must be thought to be understood. Think ART. ART THINKS!

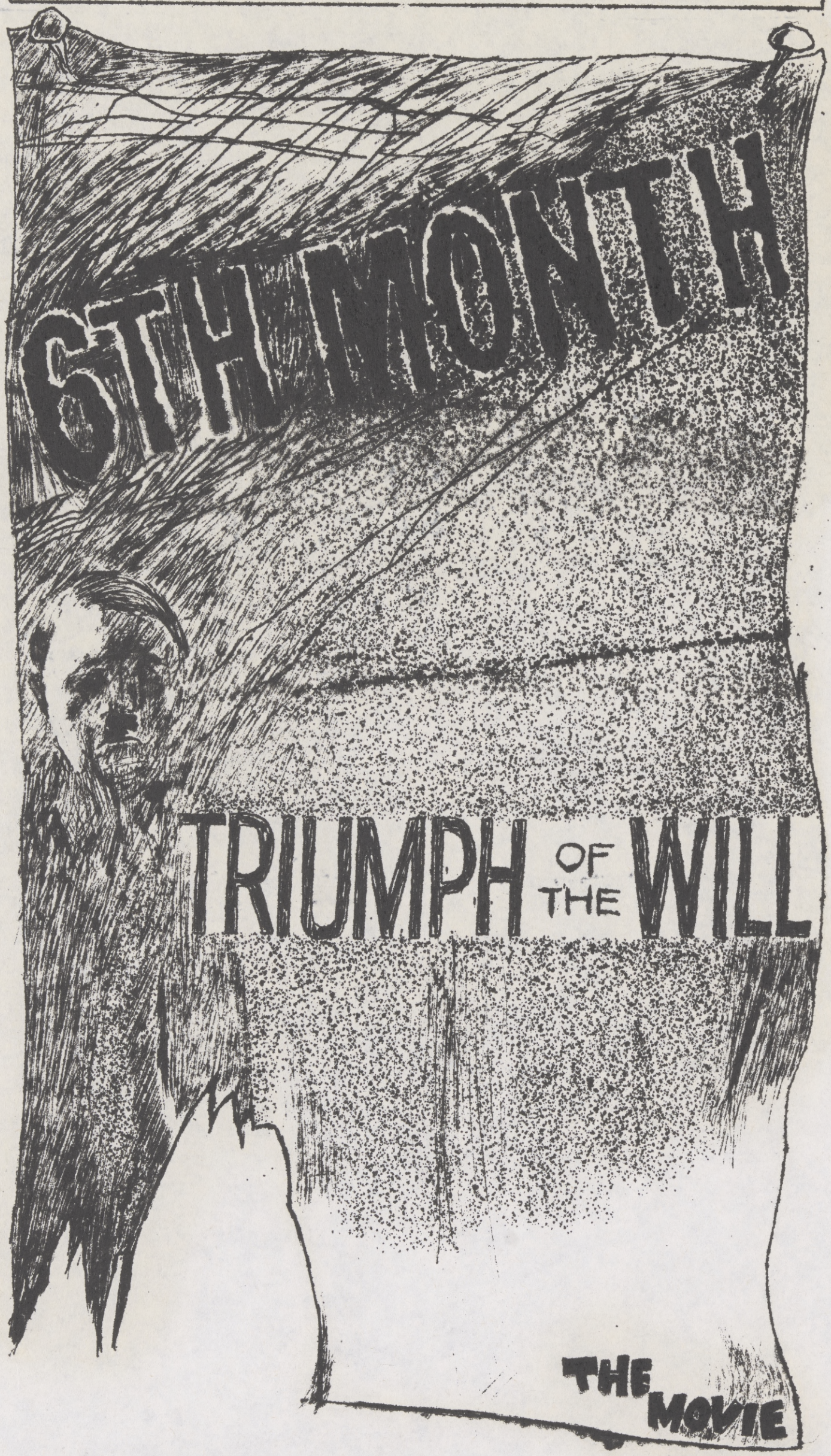
ON AN AFTERNOON IN THE STUDIO
-anonymous-

The radio blares; I pick up my brush. Sunlight plays upon the window pane. The virgin canvas stands before me -- naked, alive, inviting. I am seduced. Engagement. Struggle. I drink a beer and rest. Engagement; struggle; I drink another beer and rest. Engagemuggle I drinkle ittle beer 'n rest. I drinkle-uggle beer and mess. I mess. I mess and miss.

* * * * *

IS THERE A CALIFORNIA SCHOOL?
135th in a series of articles concerning the existence of a California School of Painting.

As my eminent colleague so carefully outlined in the preceeding article of this series, there is definite reason to believe that somewhere in the environs of the San Francisco Bay Area a school by the ambiguous name of the California School of Fine Art exists. Many practicing artists now residing in greater New York are on occasion heard to allude to a previous affiliation with this institution. Whatasmore, there are untraceable rumors to the effect that there are artists still residing in the far west who either are or have been so affiliated. Nasty evidence has been popping up in various museums and gallerys here, notably on 57th Street and Fifth Avenue, that there is indeed "imported" art being manufactured out there. However, there need be no great fear of invasion of any substantial size from the west as this correspondent understands that a strong committee of local New York artists and critics (dealers excluded by virtue of possible vested interests) has been formed to fight any possible trans..


6TH MONTH
TRIUMPH OF THE WILL
THE MOVIE

REXROTH

(Continued from Page 2)

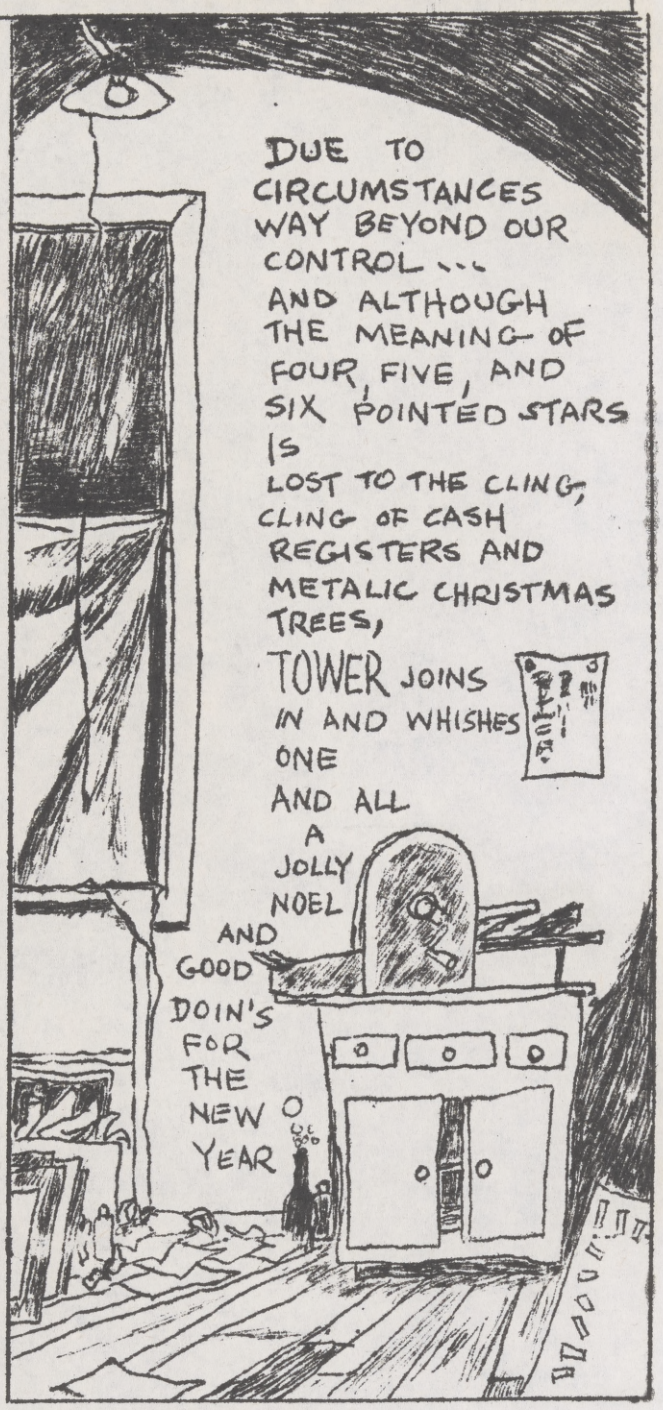
not the Cold War, although none of us should ever forget that all hopeless impasses in society are in a tiny measure the fault of each of us, of our sloth, our pride and our indifference. The function of the critic is precisely this kind of social diagnosis. But he is no more responsible, or at least he should't be, for the condition he describes, than the electroencephalograph is responsible for the brain tumor it locates.

There is another aspect of this. Three years ago the climate of opinion in the USA began to change. All Madison Avenue, which had been busy selling conformity, The Organization Man, Togetherness, began to buzz with the great news, "Dissent is a hot commodity!" Dissent there was, and plenty of it, but most of the dissenters shaved, wore shoes, and were serious creative artists and thinkers. Madison Avenue brushed them aside--they just didn't look like Hot Commodities. They did not fit the "public" (read Madison Avenue's own) image of a red hot dissenter. So, the gray flannel think tanks created the Beatnik in the image of their own frustrations.

The trouble with the frustrations of the gray flannel world, as everybody knows, is that they are very destructive. If you are an innocent, rebellious young chick who has read too many books, and who has deserted her regular table in the high school ice cream parlor in Oconomowoc, and hitchhiked to San Francisco to shack up in North Beach and start acting out the inhibitions of a fashionably garbed researcher for a newsweekly--you're in for a rough role.

Seriously, and here the eunuch speaks again to the Caliph--this isn't the way to do it. This is the way the people you look on as the Enemy want you to do it. Nothing will come of it, personally, artistically, socially, or any other way--except grief for you and eventual collapse. That's exactly why "They" want you to do it that way. Get wise. I for one am very tired of seeing gullible children jumping out of windows, taking overdoses of sleeping pills, jumping off roofs, and spending their days on the shuttle train that now operates between Langley Porter Clinic and the coffee bars.

I wish the Greenwich Village switch blade novelists and the frustrated publicity men would take their nightmares elsewhere.


DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES WAY BEYOND OUR CONTROL ... AND ALTHOUGH THE MEANING OF FOUR, FIVE, AND SIX POINTED STARS IS LOST TO THE CLING, CLING OF CASH REGISTERS AND METALIC CHRISTMAS TREES,
TOWER JOINS IN AND WHISHES ONE AND ALL A JOLLY NOEL AND GOOD DOIN'S FOR THE NEW YEAR

Butterfly

there is a butterfly in this garden
he flaps his wings leaving a trail of buzzing scent
over green sprouting leaves
he looks for colors to sooth his life long flight
unaware that birds have powdery eyes
in their search for flattering butterflys

Leon H. Sarsozo

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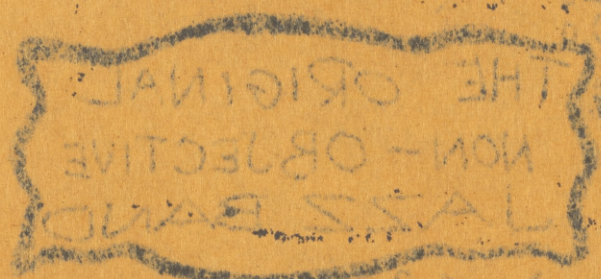
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